

# *The Aldine*

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YOUNG AMERICA. — FROM A MORA PHOTOGRAPH.

## PICTURES BY WEHLE.

HERR X. R. WEHLE is a well-known and popular German artist, whose pictures for the most part represent incidents of contemporaneous human interest. He draws with great freedom of hand, composes well, and tells a pointed story in every picture. Unlike Toulmouche of Paris, or Stevens of Brussels, he seldom paints a *boudoir* picture, with a woman in full dress of brilliant satin and intricate lace; but seeks for his subjects out-of-doors, surrounding his figures with glimpses of nature. Thus his pictures possess the additional interest of agreeable surroundings, and the mind of the beholder is not confined to a small room and a few *objets d'art*. With his pencil he leads one into the depths of a forest, or past the peasant's cottage, or along the terrace of a nobleman's park, or even into the interior of a church or synagogue. A fine picture by this artist is "The Hour of Prayer in the Synagogue," showing the interior of the old synagogue in Prague, one of the finest in Europe, founded over one thousand years ago. This building is noted for its quaint architecture, lofty ceiling, and peculiar arrangement of seats, or stalls, for the worshippers. Besides "The Surprise" and "After the Shower," which need no letter-press explanation, Herr Wehle has painted many pictures illustrating incidents in the "course of true love," as "The Offended"—a lady who seeks the retirement of the garden, fleeing from the gay throng in the mansion—and "Delicate Affairs," in which a couple of lovers are evidently exchanging vows. For all love-making does not take place within doors, and the fate of two beings whose hearts beat as one may be settled while chatting with one another over a garden wall, or sitting on a rustic bench in the park, as well as in a brilliant drawing-room beneath the gaslight. Herr Wehle is a lover of nature, and paints many of his pictures out-of-doors, like our own J. G. Brown. He also does not forget to invest each scene with human interest.

## OUR FINE-ART COLLECTIONS.

## THE BELMONT GALLERY.—II.

THE collection owned by Hon. August Belmont is rich and pleasing in *genre* and figure pieces, with here and there an historical work. Prominent on the line is the wedding procession, by Prof. L. Knaus, of Munich, painted in 1863, entitled "Going to the Dance," a picture which will rank with this artist's best works. From the gate of the city there streams forth a motley procession of boys tumbling topsy-turvy on the grass, geese, queerly dressed musicians, a man with a keg of beer on his shoulder, old men and women, a trio of buxom girls arm-in-arm, a girl with a boy on her back, children, young men and dogs, all inspired with the spirit of frolic and fun, bent upon a day's recreation in the open air beneath the trees. The scene reminds one of the youthful frolics Goethe used to indulge in, as related in his autobiography, when he first met Margaret, in the environs of Frankfort. This picture is carefully finished, bright and cheerful in color, well composed, and thoroughly expressive of the scene depicted. A work of similar character, by a master of the same school of painting, is a large interior from the brush of Professor B. Vautier, showing a German school-room, the benches crowded with apple-faced, rosy-cheeked, roguish boys and girls, each pupil a study of itself, admirably conceived and skillfully wrought. A couple of pretty girls are standing in the foreground, before the master, evidently puzzled to find the answer to some question.

W. Bouguereau, the well-known French artist, who paints women and children with such a plastic hand, and delights in delicate and wax-like flesh tints, is represented by two pictures, one of which, "The Sleeping Twins," painted in 1868, is as fine as any work we have seen from this prolific master. The forms of the infants are round, full and soft, with a healthy pinkish tone more than usually like real flesh and blood. The second picture by this artist represents a life-size woman with a child.

A very skillful piece of *genre* is by Firmin-Girard, and is called "The Toilet," representing a nude Japanese girl, seated on a silk rug, in a typical and interesting Japanese room, having her hair dressed. Two other girls, dressed in the picturesque costume of the orient, one of them robed in blue and bearing a tray, complete the group. The accessories consist of a toilet stand and a vase of flowers. Those who know the facilities of this

artist, and the carefulness with which he paints, will not need a further description of this fine picture.

A. Guès has an exquisite gem, rich in color as a mosaic, highly finished, called "The Cock Fight," with four men in elaborate costumes watching the contest.

Bonnat, so well known in America, has his place on the walls of the gallery, with a figure of an Italian girl, pleasing in color, expression, freedom and technique. The pose of the figure is dignified, and the lines are free and flowing, while the costume harmoniously blends white, claret and blue, colors which harmonize with the rich brown complexion of the face.

An important work, by Max Michael of Berlin, painted in 1867, is an interior, illustrative of the pleasing custom of remembering one's birth or fête day. A feast table has been spread, and an elderly gentleman, seated in the room, is receiving an address and bouquet from a small boy, doubtless his grandson.

An admirable picture, by Alfred Stevens of Brussels, called "The Student," showing a young man intently perusing a book, is broadly painted, tender in its lights and mellow in color.

A remarkable picture by Victor Chavet, born at Aix, France, painted in 1857, gives a scene in a grand billiard saloon, lined with statues, and crowded with some eighteen or twenty men, a game being in progress—the whole comprehensive, and yet painted upon such a small canvas one needs a powerful glass to study the separate figures. Finish has been carried to the highest point in this picture, one of the small figures requiring more work than the whole of a large picture of the modern impressionist school.

An excellent *Détaille*, painted in 1872, adds to the attractions of this fine collection. Naturally it is a picture of a "French Dragoon," with a finely painted bay horse with black mane and tail, standing out in bold relief from the canvas; a body of dragoons in the distance, the whole work effective and full of vigor. A later work by this artist, dated 1877, is an incident of the Franco-Prussian war—a body of soldiers, in squads of three, shooting poor wretches, possibly Communists, who are kneeling on the ground.

Hugues Merle has an important work in this collection, painted in 1855, a life-size girl holding a sleeping infant, the figures carefully drawn, and painted in this master's well-known style.

An interesting work, dated 1848, signed H. Van Hove, is a large interior of an inn, baggage of all kinds piled in the right-hand foreground, while the guests, evidently of wealth and position from their rich dress, are seated at lunch about a table in the centre of the room. A clerk is perched before a high desk in one corner of the room; while, from the opposite side, a waiting-maid approaches with glasses and wine. Through the open door, in the upper left-hand corner, there is an extensive view of wharves crowded with shipping. This work is strongly suggestive of the embarkation for America of some well-to-do Knickerbocker family.

Baron Henri Leys, a native of Antwerp, who is considered to have trodden with ardor and diligence in the footsteps of the great Flemish masters, and who gained great commendation for his fine coloring, has a large work, dated 1856, representing a throng of noble ladies and gentlemen coming from the porch of a church at the left hand of the picture; while, in the foreground, a number of poor people hug the church wall, watching with painful interest the passing by of the great and fortunate folks of this earth. The coloring is rich and deep, the composition effective, and the whole carefully painted. This is a picture which will repay long and close study.

Hamerton says that brevity in art matters is fatal to criticism; little more has been attempted in this series of articles than the pointing out of the more important works in the Belmont collection, with a very brief outline of the pictures. A few remain to be mentioned in the aggregate, as a large marine, by P. J. Clays, dated 1866; a domestic interior by Meyerheim; "The Musician," by Hebert; "An Arab Soldier," by Eugene Fromentin; a powerful French battle scene, dated 1854, by H. Bellange; a fruit and flower piece, of large size, from the brush of St. Jean; fine interior of a church by Bosboom; a large figure piece by N. de Keyser; "Moonlight at Sea," by L. Meyer; a historical work, of large size, by L. Gallait, dated 1856; a rich interior by V. Capobianchi; "The Miser Surprised," by Guillemin; "The Artist's Portfolio," by Willems; a view in Venice by Ziem; sheep and goats by F. Robbe; a large marine, by L. Meyer, of

"Christ Sleeping in the Tempest," and small cabinet pictures by D. Blos, Dechamps, Villegés, Pierre Ballet, Plassan, Fauvelet, E. A. Schmidt, Chavet, P. Trayer, A. Delessard, Ed. Frère, Madan, C. Brias, C. Detti, A. Tidemand, A. Heiligers, C. Jacquet, Tony Faivre and De Winter.

Hardly more than half a dozen pictures by American artists are to be found in this collection. These comprise an indifferent and crudely colored Bierstadt, of a ship on fire at sea; a large game piece by W. J. Hays, a good example of this artist's work; a fine marine by M. F. H. de Haas; a little cabinet, by Irving, "The Wine Tasters," and a small figure piece by Eastman Johnson.

—Fuller-Walker.

#### THE FAREWELL.

"EKKEHARD," a poetical romance by Joseph Victor Scheffel, born in 1826, at Carlsruhe, Baden, may be compared with the best of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Combining his qualities as a poet with that of an historian, he created a work which at once became popular and famous, affording ample material in the way of illustration for the foremost of German artists. Based chiefly on the chronicles of the monastery of St. Gall, it gives a faithful picture of the social life in Southwestern Germany—the most ancient seat and nucleus of German civilization during the tenth century—in retaining and reproducing all the *naïveté* freshness and simple-minded views which are the charms of those celebrated chronicles, whilst the poet's figures are marked with that distinct individuality which raises the dry chronicle to a skillful and poetical tale of human passions and conflicts. The principal characters in this novel are Ekkehard, one of the younger monks in the monastery of St. Gall, "young in years, of a very handsome figure, captivating everybody who looked at him by his graceful mien and pleasing expression—wise and eloquent, an excellent councilor and a most learned scholar;"—and Hadwig, the Duchess of Swabia. She married Sir Burkhard, the old Duke of Swabia, to please her father; but he shortly died, and left the young widow portrayed in the illustration by the eminent artist Liezen-Mayer. She is thus described in the story: "She possessed a very aristocratic mind and no ordinary amount of beauty. Her nose was a trifle short, the lovely lips had a strong tendency to pout, and in her boldly projecting chin, the graceful dimple so becoming to women was not to be found. The duchess, in spite of her soft, beautiful complexion, inspired many of her subjects with a sort of trembling awe. She wore a steel-gray undergarment which fell down in graceful folds on her embroidered sandals; and over this a tight-fitting black tunic, reaching to the knees. In the girdle encircling her waist there glittered a large precious beryl. Her chestnut brown hair was confined within a net of gold thread, but round her clear forehead some stray curls played unrestrainedly." She made a visit "to the holy Gallus" one day, met the monk Ekkehard, became enamored with him, and insisted upon his returning to her castle that he might teach her Latin. Had not the monk said to her: "Believe me, mistress, you do well to come to the classics for advice in all positions of life. Does not Cicero teach us to walk safely in the intricate paths of worldly prudence? Do we not gather confidence and courage from Livy and Sallust? Do not the songs of Virgil awaken us to the conception of imperishable beauty?" The abbot could not refuse the request of the duchess to allow the monk Ekkehard to become her teacher; and, for a year or so, the two passed many pleasant hours together reading Virgil. At last the monk made a declaration of love to the duchess, was refused and fled the country. He entered a hermitage, poured his feelings into an epic, called "The Song of Waltari," and sent it to the object of his adoration. And this was his farewell. It was just a year since the duchess sailed over the Bodensee and paid a visit to St. Gallus. Dame Hadwig sat in her garden, out of tune, discontented and reserved. Her heart felt differently from what her tongue uttered. In looking at the beauty and softness of the waning day, her heart was softened also. A low hissing sound made the duchess start up from her reverie. An arrow sped toward her and dropped heavily at her feet. Thin parchment leaves were rolled around the shaft, while the point was covered with some wild flowers. She untied the leaves, and did not fail to recognize the handwriting. It was "Waltari's Song." On the first page was written, in pale red ink,

"A Parting Salutation for the Duchess of Swabia!" Then the proud woman inclined her head and wept bitterly. Such is the meaning of the picture called "The Farewell." The artist to whom we are indebted for the illustration, Alexander Liezen-Mayer, was born at Raab, Hungary, in 1839. He studied art at Vienna and Munich, becoming a pupil of Karl Piloty, the historical painter, in 1862. Some of his more important works are portraits of Marie and Elizabeth of Hungary; "Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, nursing the Poor Woman's Child," one of his finest works; "Imogen and Iachimo;" "Elizabeth Signing the Death Warrant of Marie Stuart," now in the National Gallery of Germany, and a portrait of the king, Francis Joseph, painted in 1870. During recent years Liezen-Mayer has drawn many cartoons illustrating the works of great German poets and romancers. Among these are fifty superb original designs for Goethe's "Faust," which has been published in both the German and English languages, and was exhibited, in Class 5 of the Fine Art section of Germany, at the Exposition Universelle. He has also made designs for illustrating Scheffel's "Ekkehard," and for other famous authors. He is one of the most eminent disciples of the Piloty school, noted for his vivid and pure imagination; for the sweetness, simplicity, and power of his compositions; for the ability with which he reproduces the conceptions of the poet in his pictures. His works are dignified and carefully wrought. He is an honorary member of the Royal Academy, Munich.

#### SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

DURING the month of March the Society of American Artists held its second exhibition in New York, when over one hundred and fifty paintings, statues, and medallions were placed on exhibition. The society numbers twenty-six members, among whom are such well-known artists as Louis C. Tiffany, Samuel Colman, J. H. Dolph, John La Farge, Thomas Moran, A. H. Wyant, George Inness, A. Wordsworth Thompson, Charles H. Miller, and R. Swain Gifford, members of the Academy. The younger members of this society, who really give the exhibition its distinctive features, are Walter Shirlaw, the president; Francis Lathrop, the secretary; Frederick Deilman, the treasurer, and Messrs. Augustus St. Gaudens, Wyatt Eaton, Helena De Kay, Olin L. Warner, Homer Martin, J. Alden Weir, William Sartain, Will H. Low, Robert C. Minor, Albert P. Ryder, William M. Chase and William R. O'Donovan. It may be safely assumed that if only the artists here named had contributed to the exhibition, its standard of excellence would have been much higher than it was; but a vast number of other artists, or art students, from various parts of Europe and America, were represented in the display, and the result was a motley gathering of good and bad, crude and well-executed pictures. Many of these were mere sketches or studies which should not be seen outside of the studio, unless it is the object of the society to simply show what the younger artists of the day are striving to accomplish. Unfortunately, the catalogue indicated that most of the "pictures" were for sale; hence we are forced to look upon them as works which are regarded as finished, and fit to be offered to the public. To be sure, the prices asked for these "pictures" would indicate somewhat the artists' idea of their value, and in this way it would be possible to institute comparisons between them and the works of men who have established reputations. If a "sketch," a "study head," a "scowling boy," and "an impression" are only valued at a few dollars—enough to cover the cost of frame, pigments and canvas—there could be little reason for complaints. Buying pictures under such circumstances would simply be a matter of pleasing a passing fancy, with the consciousness that no one regarded the works as possessing special merit or value. But an exhibition by the Society of American Artists is, or should be, a serious thing, with a certain standard of excellence. The general impression prevails that the gentlemen of this society protest against what they consider the conventionalism of the National Academy; that they wish to prove art is broad and comprehensive, free to run in many directions; that color and finish may largely be left to the artist's fancy; that good work can come from young American artists trained in the schools of Europe, as well as from the old American artists of New York who have never studied abroad. Holding these views, the walls



THE FAREWELL. — AFTER LIEZEN-MAYER.

of the gallery should display finished pictures only, and these should possess some beauty, a fair degree of composition, a knowledge of technique, and a reason for having been painted at all.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton says that he has come to the conclusion "that if a painter draws well, handles his brush cleverly (this is most important), and has some knowledge of light and shade,



AFTER THE STORM.—X. R. WEHLE.

with a knack of drawing interesting subjects, he may color as badly as he pleases and still attain celebrity. So far as I have been able to discover, it does not appear that any picture is ever

refused at the English Academy or French Salon for badness of color in itself, if the work has other qualities; whereas I believe many of the pictures are refused for bad drawing and unwork-

manlike composition. A very common cause of refusal is insufficient manual dexterity." It must be admitted that in many instances the drawing, especially in the figure pieces shown at this exhibition, was good; the technique of those who have been educated in Europe was an improvement over prevailing methods in New York; and, in many instances, the composition held signs of promise for good work in the future. Too much must not be expected of young men forming a young society. It is a matter for rejoicing that any body of American artists is striving to do good work in any direction; that the public is becoming interested in delicate æsthetic considerations; that discussion regarding art methods is in progress, and that the people are yearly receiving new ideas in relation to art.

The impressionists, as they are called, had a large number of representatives in this exhibition. Hamerton designates them as a class of artists who endeavor to render, not objects in themselves, but the impression which the objects produce on the retina and on the mind. He believes it is not an injustice to describe these artists as rejecting all the aids of anxious mental effort in the analysis of nature, and also as eliminating manual labor so far as it possibly can be eliminated from such an art as painting. The result is a kind of oil sketching, appearing strangely confused at first, but which, after it has been examined for some time, begins to resemble broken and distorted images of something really seen by the artist in the natural world. A figure piece, as the "Lady with a Fan," by Mr. F.

Duveneck, gave the impression of a palm-leaf fan, of a white tulle hat, and of a pair of hands, while the woman's drapery and hair gradually melted into the brown background, as one picture does into another in what are known as dissolving views. The strength of the work was in the face and the clever handling of the brush. If the artist had seen fit to do so, doubtless he could have finished his picture as highly as Mr. George V. Hoesslin did "A Flemish Beauty of the Seventeenth Century," or Mr. William Sartain his "Nubian Sheik," or Walter Shirlaw the pleasing picture called "The Goose Herd." Mr. J. Frank Currier had a picture of a "Scowling Boy," the face broadly and strongly painted, but the rest of the canvas a mere impression of drapery and background. So, too, with Mary Cassatt's portrait of a woman in white, reading; the labor of the artist was concentrated upon the head and face of the woman, the chair in which she sat, and the left hand, nearest the spectator. The rest of this picture was regarded as non-essential, and therefore was treated without the aid "of

anxious mental effort." In Mr. John S. Sargent's "Capriote" picture there was the well-drawn figure of a woman, leaning against a small tree, in much the same fashion as Mr. Shirlaw's "goose herd" wound her arms about her staff; but the whole was so broadly painted it would hardly bear close inspection, and only at the proper distance was a picturesque effect produced. The stones, the trees, and the grass were given over to impressions, such as they may be assumed to have been under a strong light. So, too, the background of Mr. J. Alden Weir's "In the Park," was a very vague and unsatisfactory impression of a row of city houses. How much art or beauty there is in pictures treated in this manner each must decide for himself. It remains to be seen if the public will accept such productions as pictures possessing the requisite amount of thought and finish.

Pictures which may be regarded as purely impressions, making no pretension to anything more, were numerous, and in some cases very good—for it is possible for an impressionist to execute an artistic and pleasing picture, warm in color, possessing elements of beauty, and well composed. Perhaps the best of these, because answering the above requirements, and so painted that a real picture could be seen when examined from the proper focal distance, was a "Venetian Sketch," by J. W. Twachtman. In this we had a row of houses on the shore, a line of ships drawn up in the water, good atmospheric effects and brilliant colors. "Summer," an impression by C. M. Dewey, simple as the composition was, possessed the merit of giving a

representation of a broad, open field, on a gently sloping hillside, waist high with ripening grain, a line of apple trees near the horizon, the whole beneath an intensely blue sky, the white caps of thunder-clouds appearing above the horizon. A so-called "Landscape," by W. M. Chase, was a thoroughly bad picture, in whatever light it might be regarded. It had little or no composition, was crude in color—black, brown and muddy—and gave a wide expanse of prospect, with a pathway leading up to the sky, the whole wanting in elements of beauty. Another bad picture was a "Landscape with Figure," by George Fuller, a large canvas, covered with ghosts of trees, in which all the elements appeared to be mixed, and through which the dim outlines of a "figure" could be seen.

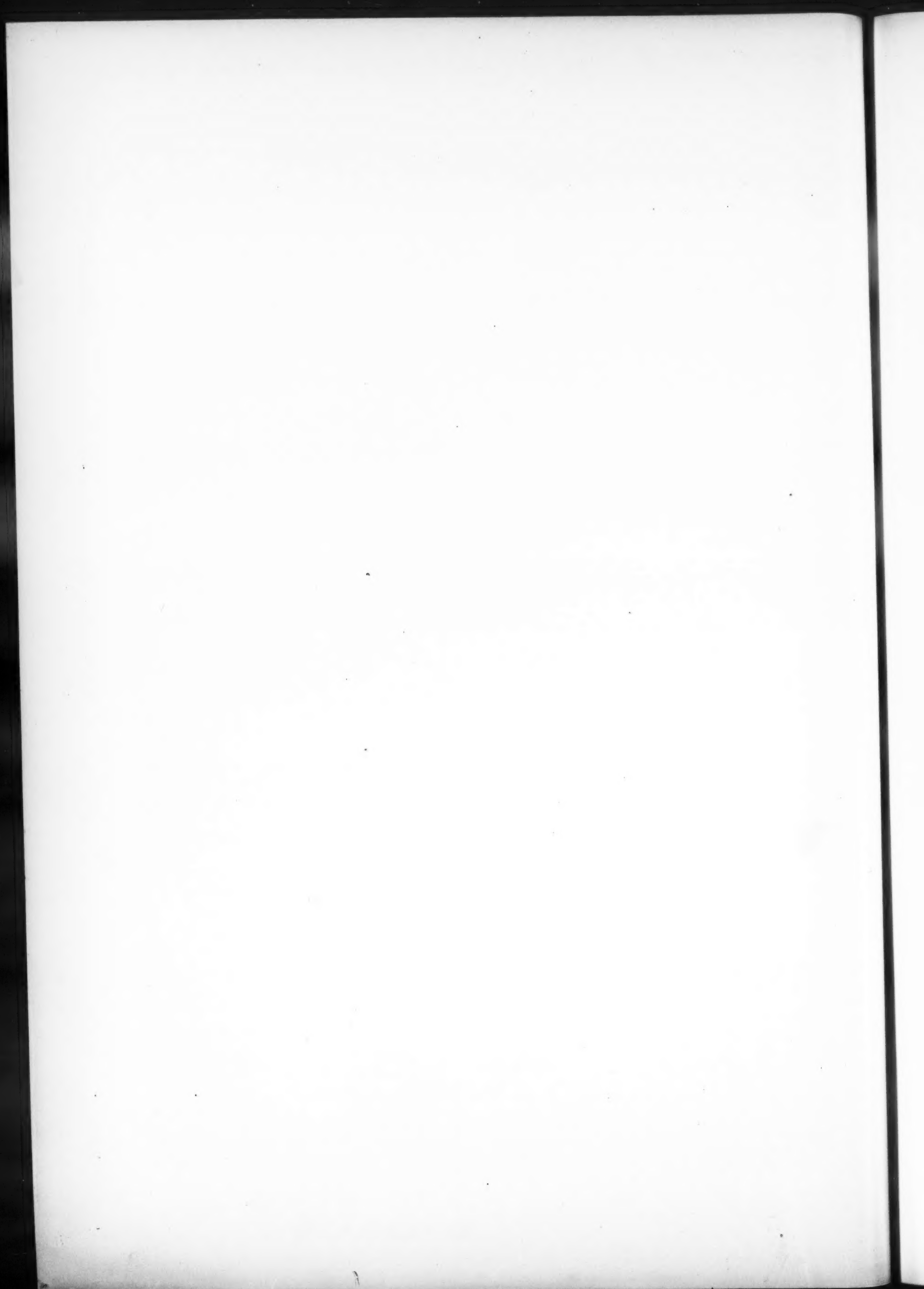
Abbot H. Thayer, a pupil of Gérôme, was represented by a clever picture of the impressionist school, called "Cloudy Afternoon on the Moselle," a group of cattle, drinking in a shallow river. The shore and foliage in the middle distance were finely



THE OLD MILL.—J. D. WOODWARD.



HER NESTLINGS. — AFTER LOBRICHON.



rendered as they would appear in a mist or fog. The impression was distinct and true to nature; the effects tender and delicate.

All of Mr. Homer D. Martin's landscapes, and he had a number in this exhibition, are more or less impressions of nature, rather thinly painted and lacking in vigor and technique. He has the habit of putting a yellow, green, or some other glaze, over his pictures, to get what may be called an effect. His "Summer Landscape" was glazed with green; his "Evening on the Thames" was brilliant with an orange glaze. An honest piece of work by Mr. Martin, evidently painted out-of-doors, clear and cheerful in color, with no glaze, was a study on "Raquette Lake." His "Morning on Lake Champlain," belonging to Mr. Roosevelt Schuyler, was a fine picture, showing considerable ability on the part of the artist.

Mr. George Inness had two large and notable landscapes, "A Passing Thunderstorm," and "A Cloudy Day," the former the more pleasing and highly finished picture. This was a bright, cheerful landscape, warm in color and well composed. The dark storm passing off at the left of the canvas was followed by the sunshine which fell upon the rejoicing fields, the happy cattle and the husbandmen. The contrasts of light and shade, and the brilliant effects in color artistically contrasted, rendered this work a source of joy. The "Cloudy Day" was more broadly painted, and seemed almost a sketch with the colors simply washed in. Mr. Inness, like Corot, paints moods of nature, but does not confine himself to the serene and tranquil. If we are startled, while looking at one of his works, at beholding deep-indigo mountains, cotton-wool clouds, ghastly trees, blotches of color for human beings and cattle, and a general confusion of the elements which seems chaotic, it may not, therefore, be inferred that the artist is in error and has given us an extravagant impression in place of a mood of nature. At his best an artist can but feebly represent the spirit of a landscape—the drifting of the clouds; the descent of the mists; the change in color of the face of nature when the heavens are full of warring fleets of blue, white, and black vapors; the aspect of the fields, the grass, the trees, the flowers, tossed by the wind. And in his feeling for color the artist is to be allowed great latitude. Who shall say that, in his blue and yellow pictures, Mr. Inness has not given us nature as he saw it, as nearly as it was possible for him with the materials he had to work with? We see in his pictures an intelligent striving after the real; a discontent with simply being able to photograph nature in a serene mood beneath a clear and still sky; a contempt for that microscopic realism in art which may be called decorative painting; a desire to infuse the canvas with life and reality, the very spirit of nature.

Among the ambitious works worthy of passing mention, Thomas Eakin's "Professor Gross," of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, holds a high place. This is a strong picture, well composed, although the subject is not pleasing. The scene is the amphitheatre of a medical college, with a patient on the table in the pit undergoing an operation performed on the left limb just above the knee. Professor Gross is the central figure, facing the spectator. He has stopped cutting the flesh for a moment, and stands with the scalpel in his hand. The students are arranged in rows in the background. This work is only fit for some medical college museum; it is simply suggestive of the horrible and ugly, and is painted in black, brown and muddy colors. "In the Park," by J. Alden Weir, son of Professor Weir of New Haven, is a large figure piece, supposed to represent a scene common enough in any city park—some people sitting on a bench, and others passing by. As this work was sent to the exhibition unfinished, portions of it being flat masses of color, touched up in places to give certain effects, it would be unfair to judge of it as a complete production. The composition is faulty, in that the figures are crowded upon the canvas, and the grouping is not true to nature. Men do not stand at the back of park benches to ogle women seated in front of them; at least not in New York. Mr. William M. Chase had two good pictures, "In the Baptistry of St. Mark's," and portrait of Mr. F. Duveneck. These were pleasing, carefully painted, and well finished. The modeling and coloring of flesh in the portrait was excellent. It may be a question of taste whether a man shall have his portrait painted sitting sidewise in a high-backed chair, his face just appearing above the top of it, smoking a long-stemmed clay pipe like an ancient Knickerbocker. There is a certain playfulness

among some artists which is occasionally childish, and this portrait comes dangerously near being puerile. Mr. William Hunt, of Boston, contributed a large canvas, called "Waterfall," a modest title for what was intended to be a portion of the horse-shoe of Niagara, only it was badly drawn and horribly painted. This could not even be a study of a waterfall, since no such fall exists in nature. The coloring was extremely crude, and the work wholly lacking in technique. Hamerton says, speaking of color: "There are, however, different kinds of crudity; for, although greens and pinks and certain purples have a special faculty for setting your teeth on edge, a painter can be crude even in browns and grays; yet the crudity of dullness is always less offensive than that of brilliance." Mr. W. M. Chase, in his landscape, was crude in mud, and therefore bearable. Mr. Hunt is crude in brilliance, with his reds, blues, yellows, and the colors of the rainbow, thrown upon the canvas in a stiff and unworkmanlike manner.

Many nude figures were to be seen in this exhibition, as "A Young Sorcerer," by T. W. Deming; "Sleeping Nymph," by Wyatt Eaton; "Venus Rising from the Sea," by John La Farge; and the "Temptation of St. Anthony," by Carroll Beckwith, etc. The flesh tints of most of these figures is very bad, ranging from bronze to leather. "The nude figure ought to be reserved for painters who have the gift of color," says a high authority on art matters. The public is tolerably familiar with flesh tints, and will hardly be imposed upon by a canvas which represents white human beings as blue, yellow, brown or bronze.

Turning from such a mass of poor pictures, it is a relief to find, here and there upon the walls, real works of art, which have been carefully wrought by men who are able to cleverly handle a brush. Mr. W. S. Macy, who has recently returned from Munich and opened a studio in New York, had two excellent pictures, "An Early Spring Day" and "A Wet Day." The first of these was good for its intricacy of branches, drawn with a thorough knowledge of woody character. A forest of beech trees, which Mr. Macy delights to paint, with a roadway running through it, is just touched with the first faint shimmer of spring; a reddish tint of bursting buds and blossoms. The "Wet Day" was bright, fresh, and warm in color, finely expressive in sentiment of the purpose of the picture. It is foolish to say of such an artist that "as yet he shows no tendency to color," since he gives his landscapes all the color the season of the year requires. Mr. H. Bolton Jones, of Baltimore, a pupil of M. Allard, sent his French Salon picture, "Une Lande en Fleur en Bretagne," a most pleasing and highly finished picture, showing marked improvement in technique since he went abroad. Mr. Clement N. Swift, a pupil of M. Harpignies, also sent his French Salon picture, "A Serious Mishap," representing the breaking down of a vehicle, one of the large wooden wheels having come off. A well-drawn, finely painted picture. Harry Young, of Vermont, pupil of M. Carolus Duran, sent one of his Salon pictures, a broadly painted landscape, rich in color, entitled "On the Banks of the Loing—France." R. Swain Gifford had a large landscape, rich in browns, reds and orange, rather inclined to sweetness, called "Old Trees—Coast of Massachusetts," finely painted and characteristic of the place. Louis C. Tiffany was represented by a low-toned street scene, full of figures, called "Market Day at Quimper." Mr. Walter Shirlaw's "Goose Herd" was an excellent picture, rich and cheerful in color, with a full-length female figure, graceful in pose, and drawn with strength and precision. Mr. John J. Enneking, of Boston, had a "November Sunset," which was a wood scene, rich in tone, filled with depths and shadows, quiet, brown, and well painted. Henry Mosler, pupil of M. E. Hébert, sent his Salon picture, "The Quadroon Girl," a bust portrait, correct in color and drawing and highly finished. Robert C. Minor had a cheerful landscape, bright and fresh in its greens, called "The Stream." A. H. Wyant contributed three of his tender, pleasing, and well-painted pictures, "Twilight," "Evening," and "An October Day." F. A. Bridgman had a picture called "The Siesta," which hardly did this artist justice, although painted with much dexterity. It was one of his well-known harem scenes, sparkling in color, with a female reclining upon a divan, sleeping. The work lacked verisimilitude, and seemed as if painted from a made-up scene in a studio.

Other good works were "Winter," by Richard Gross, the portrait of an old man; "Sunset at Creedmoor," by C. H. Miller;



"Boy Smoking," by F. Duveneck; "Cloudy Weather—the Seine at Jumièges," by Will H. Low; "The Path to the Sea," by F. S. Church; "Courtyard in Trastevere, Rome," by William Sartain; "Indian Summer," by R. Swain Gifford; "Antwerp Fishing Boats at Low Tide," by S. Colman; "Little River, Mass.," by R. Swain Gifford; "A Spanish Beggar," by H. H. Moore; "In the Church of San Pietro, Perugia, Italy," by George H. Yewell; "Landscape," by M. Kollack, and "In the Pasture," by George Inness, Jr. —J. B. F. W.

#### HANS MAKART.

IN the estimation of many, the finest pictures at the late Exposition Universelle were by Hans Makart the Austrian, Jan Matejko the Pole, and Munkácsy the Hungarian. At the time of the Vienna Exhibition, in 1873, it was written that there were two pictures by German masters surpassing in boldness and spirit any of the French pictures. These were the "Triumph of Germanicus," by Piloty, and "Venice paying Homage to Catharine Cornaro," by Makart, now in the Berlin National Gallery, which paid \$12,500 for it.

Every civilized nation appears to have its art centre, and the educational facilities of Austria, especially in the realm of the fine arts, are almost unbounded. Not only does the government foster all the arts, but all the cities, Vienna especially, have many splendid halls filled with the finest and choicest art on canvas and in marble, which not only serve as centres of interest for the tourist, but as means of education for the people in the humbler as well as the more favored walks of life.

Hans Makart was born at Salzburg in 1840. He studied art with Piloty at Munich, and is now a professor at Vienna, where he has a magnificent studio, and receives royal patronage. That we may better understand the art influences under which he produces his magnificent works, it will be well to glance at the school in which he was educated, for those familiar with his pictures must discover that the teachings of Munich can be plainly traced in all his canvases. A writer in the *Portfolio* for 1870 says: "Of late years a change has come over the Bavarian school; it is less ideal and more real—less abstract and more actual; and yet it scarcely surrenders its dignity in its descent into nature. This reaction in favor of truth and simplicity has been brought about by Professor Piloty. In Paris and in Munich Piloty was surrounded by a goodly company of disciples, among whom were Makart, Max, Wagner, Muller, and Folingsby; altogether this school is the strongest in Europe. The principles upon which

the master and his scholars work are clearly enough defined. Thus the subject is chosen for its worth and dignity, yet with an eye to some striking situation; it is selected, not always as a thought or idea, but as an action or drama which may prove paintable and effective on canvas. Then, as to treatment, the figures stand, as in individual studies, pronounced in character; the costumes are true to the period; the composition, though free, conforms to academic rule; and the light, shade, and color are so distributed as to reconcile strongest contrast with pictorial tone and unison. This realistic school, moreover, enhances its results by illusive rendering of material and texture, so that a wall of white plaster is a wall, and marble pavement, with tapestries and old furniture, appear in the picture, as in an actual palace, and yet the spectator is less struck with the accidents than the essentials—less with the dead accessories than with the living humanity. In fine, this third and last phase of the Munich school is better trained than the English, and has more earnestness of purpose than the French of the present generation; it attains the dignity of Delaroche with a better technique. This school is strong in drawing, it pronounces its forms boldly, its lines firmly; it likewise is thoroughly well trained in the conditions essential to mural decoration; the style is severe and symmetric; treatment broad and simple."

Three new figure pieces by Hans Makart will prove most acceptable to our readers, enabling them to study his manner of composition, the perfection of his figure drawing, and the boldness of his outline. In the composition called

"ROMEO AND JULIET,"

the artist has graphically illustrated an incident in scene five of act three, known as Juliet's chamber. The lovers have been holding most sweet converse, talking of nightingales, and larks, and "the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow," when the nurse, who supplied the rope ladder which made the interview possible, enters, and ends the love-making by saying:

Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

Juliet. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Romeo. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

Romeo, as drawn by Makart, is a robust, healthy, handsome man, full of fire and courage, quite as passionate as the beautiful Juliet who looks so lovingly into his eyes. He is the man who said:

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;  
For stony limits can not hold love out.

In Makart's picture of

"THE NUBIAN MOTHER,"

we have a tall, swarthy, finely formed woman with her child on her shoulder. These women vary much in appearance, some being very black, with hair nearly straight, others copper-colored; some much fairer, with the hair almost woolly, and a fourth having the same complexion with long hair. The climate being hot, they dress in thin flowing robes.

The modern artist takes special delight in visiting Egypt, Arabia, Nubia, and





STUDY OF AN EGYPTIAN.—AFTER HANS MAKART.

other African lands, in search of studies for his pencil. It has been asserted that there is no country in the world more interesting to the antiquary and scholar than that which was known to the ancients as "Ethiopia above Egypt," the Nubia and Abyssinia of the present day. It was universally regarded by the poets and philosophers of Greece as the cradle of those arts which at a later period covered the kingdom of the Pharaohs with so many wonderful monuments, as also of those religious rites which, after being slightly modified by the priests of Thebes, were adopted by the ancestors of Homer and Virgil as the basis of their mythology.

At the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition the people of America had the opportunity of becoming familiar with some of the noblest works of Hans Makart, admitted to be the Rubens of modern Germany. The greater part of one wall in the Austrian gallery of fine arts was occupied by his picture of "Venice paying Homage to Catharine Cornaro," in which the artist showed his perfect mastery of the art of composition, and his great strength as a colorist. This was described at length in our previous volume. Two other pictures by the same artist were entitled "Abundancia," and typified the fruitfulness of the earth and sea. These pictures were crowded with figures, well grouped and painted in a low tone with subdued color. They won for the artist a medal. "Messalina," a portrait of Vienna's favorite actress, Charlotte Wolter, painted by Makart, appeared in vol. viii., page 270. Among the works by this artist, owned in New York, are "Falstaff in the Basket," in the collection of Mrs. Paran Stevens; "Ancient Egyptian Girl holding an Idol," in possession of Mr. John Wolfe, and "Turkey Seller of Cairo," belonging to Mr. S. P. Avery.

No picture attracted more attention, or was more worthy of it, at the last Paris Exposition, than Makart's "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp." This is a true historical picture, in rendering which the artist has taken few liberties with the record. The subject is admirable for the artist's style of painting and love of opulent display of color. The incident of this great picture is described in Albert Dürer's "Journal of a Voyage to the Nether-



A VENETIAN LADY.—AFTER PROBST.

lands," in which he says: "I gave a sou for a little book describing the entry into Antwerp, where the king received a costly



A NEW YORK PILOT BOAT.--HARRY FENN.

triumph. The city gates were ornamented in the most costly manner; there was music and great rejoicing, and beautiful young maidens whose like I have seldom seen." Dürer told Melancthon, his friend, in 1526, that "he looked at these young women very attentively and closely, and without shame, because he was a painter." It is supposed that these maidens were nude, and that they were grouped on a balcony, or in some tableau. For artistic reasons of his own Hans Makart saw fit to introduce them into the procession, walking in front, or by the side of the king's horse, bearing presents in their hands. But he did not go as far as the historical record would allow, and gave them sufficient drapery to satisfy, one might suppose, the most fastidious public guardian of modern American morals! Although this great work is universally admired in Europe, and a sketch of it, made by the artist himself, has appeared in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, a splendid imported photograph, exhibited in New York, was suppressed by an official who determines what is proper and what is not for the free people of America to look at. If the same picture was re-

produced in THE ALDINE, it might subject it to suppression in the mails, and our readers would be deprived of that issue. Perhaps it is better not to run the risk.

The number of artists who have studied in Egypt is almost legion. Many of our best-known American artists have made the tour of the Nile, returning with well-filled portfolios. Of European artists whose pictures of these people, their manners and customs, are familiar, mention may be made of Horace Vernet, Gerôme, Fromentin, Regnault and Marilhat; also Alma Tadema of London; Becker and Grutz of Berlin, and L. C. Müller, Huber, Makart, and others, of Vienna. The "Study of an Egyptian," by the last-named artist, is a powerful characterization, strong in its individuality, almost statuesque in attitude, with a sphinx-like countenance full of mystery and repose.

The reputation of Hans Makart dates from about 1868. The year before he sent a picture of "Roman Ruins" to the Exposition of 1867 at Paris. At the Exposition in Munich, in 1869, he exhibited "L'Esquisse." His earlier works include the "Pest at





JULIET. — AFTER BERTHA SIECK.

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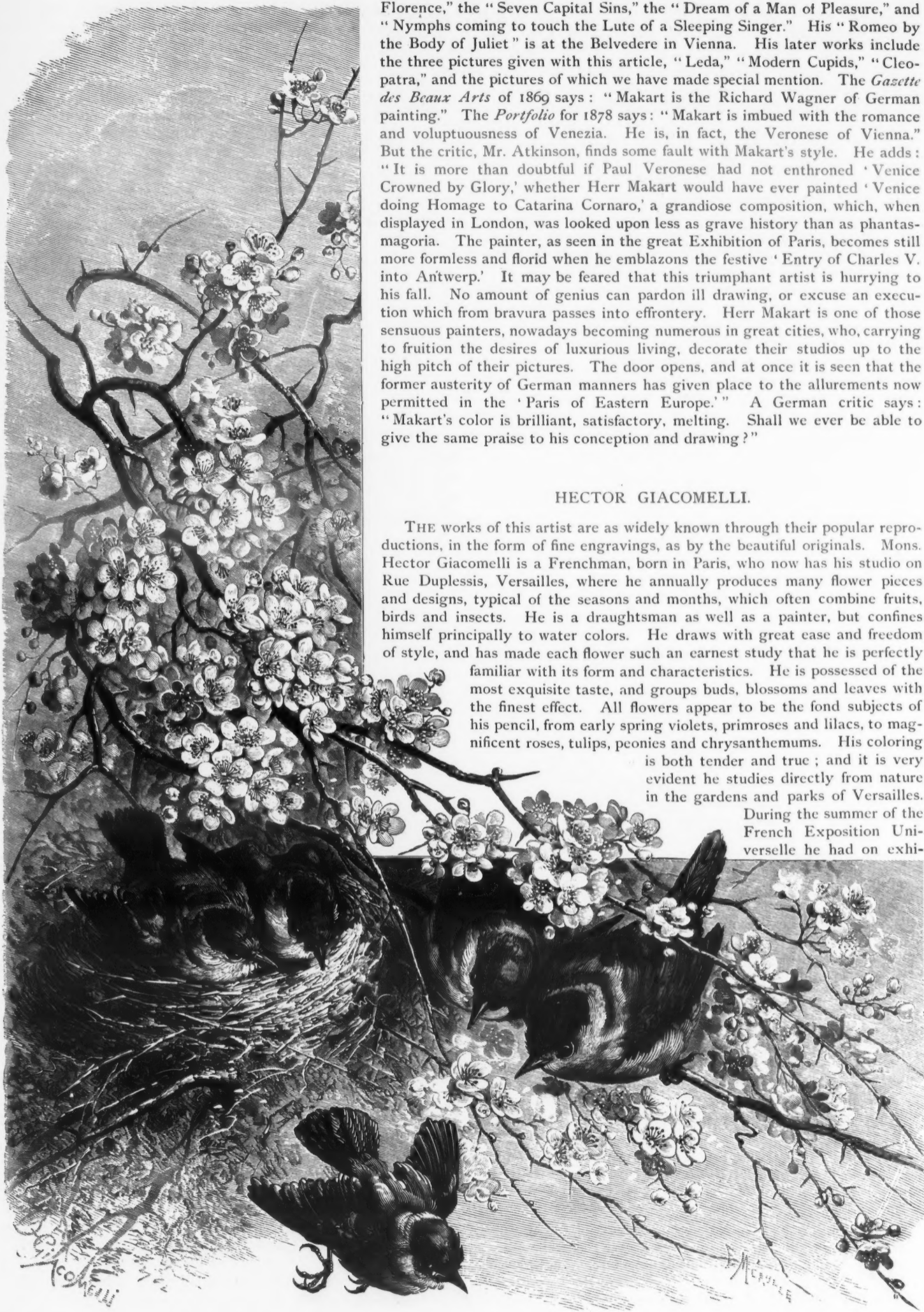
Florence," the "Seven Capital Sins," the "Dream of a Man of Pleasure," and "Nymphs coming to touch the Lute of a Sleeping Singer." His "Romeo by the Body of Juliet" is at the Belvedere in Vienna. His later works include the three pictures given with this article, "Leda," "Modern Cupids," "Cleopatra," and the pictures of which we have made special mention. The *Gazette des Beaux Arts* of 1869 says: "Makart is the Richard Wagner of German painting." The *Portfolio* for 1878 says: "Makart is imbued with the romance and voluptuousness of Venezia. He is, in fact, the Veronese of Vienna." But the critic, Mr. Atkinson, finds some fault with Makart's style. He adds: "It is more than doubtful if Paul Veronese had not enthroned 'Venice Crowned by Glory,' whether Herr Makart would have ever painted 'Venice doing Homage to Catarina Cornaro,' a grandiose composition, which, when displayed in London, was looked upon less as grave history than as phantasmagoria. The painter, as seen in the great Exhibition of Paris, becomes still more formless and florid when he emblazons the festive 'Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp.' It may be feared that this triumphant artist is hurrying to his fall. No amount of genius can pardon ill drawing, or excuse an execution which from bravura passes into effrontery. Herr Makart is one of those sensuous painters, nowadays becoming numerous in great cities, who, carrying to fruition the desires of luxurious living, decorate their studios up to the high pitch of their pictures. The door opens, and at once it is seen that the former austerity of German manners has given place to the allurements now permitted in the 'Paris of Eastern Europe.'" A German critic says: "Makart's color is brilliant, satisfactory, melting. Shall we ever be able to give the same praise to his conception and drawing?"

#### HECTOR GIACOMELLI.

THE works of this artist are as widely known through their popular reproductions, in the form of fine engravings, as by the beautiful originals. Mons. Hector Giacomelli is a Frenchman, born in Paris, who now has his studio on Rue Duplessis, Versailles, where he annually produces many flower pieces and designs, typical of the seasons and months, which often combine fruits, birds and insects. He is a draughtsman as well as a painter, but confines himself principally to water colors. He draws with great ease and freedom of style, and has made each flower such an earnest study that he is perfectly familiar with its form and characteristics. He is possessed of the most exquisite taste, and groups buds, blossoms and leaves with the finest effect. All flowers appear to be the fond subjects of his pencil, from early spring violets, primroses and lilacs, to magnificent roses, tulips, peonies and chrysanthemums. His coloring

is both tender and true; and it is very evident he studies directly from nature in the gardens and parks of Versailles.

During the summer of the French Exposition Universelle he had on exhi-



THE FIRST ATTEMPT.—AFTER GIACOMELLI.

bition at Paris two elaborate flower pieces, called "Oiseaux et Fleurs," which won the admiration of all who saw them, on account of their effective grouping and the fine technique displayed.

#### ART NOTES FROM EUROPE.

A FRENCH lady recently asked us if we admired the English pictures; stating for her dislike of them that English painters are false in color, preferring to search in themselves for a sentiment which Nature renders more beautiful. The remark is to some extent justified by careful examination of their works. Pictures painted upon a key so absolutely contrary to nature could not be seen in any other section of the Exposition Universelle. But we have elsewhere noted with pleasure the great growth of the English schools toward truth and the more general studying direct from nature, which system they are pleased to term the "new;" that is to say, new to them. And without doubt the depicting of natural forms, lines and colors in contrast to the old Academic mannerisms was so delightfully fresh to the eye, and reasonable, that the apostles of the "new" system instantly gained favor, and a reputation a little excessive, perhaps, for infallibility. In no other country, we think, is a successful painter regarded with the same amount of consideration as in England, and nowhere do a people pay so largely for the luxury of his works. It is to this consideration and respect—this almost worship of great artistic and refined talents—that many of their painters owe reputations in England and America. We limit to these two countries the renown of the English painters, for the best even are entirely unknown and unheard of in countries speaking another language than theirs; while on the contrary the reputation of German, Spanish, Italian, Flemish and French painters is really world wide, and their works are found in all art emporiums in all the great cities of Europe and America, while one may live for years on the Continent and never see an English painting.

To the above-mentioned consideration and esteem of the English people for native talent are due the reputations of many of their painters, and among them we must place J. E. Millais, the broad leaves of whose laurel crown shrink again to buds when brought in competition with the great talents of the continental schools. We are sustained in our opinion when we look upon the "Royal Guard," dressed in an unpleasant, crude scarlet. Even if the manufacturer of the original stuff had no better taste or eye for color, the artist was not obliged to copy so faithfully a tone that must have been painful to his refined, cultivated feeling for harmony. The picture is ably painted; but for us the work is not worthy the important position it occupies. It is also rare to find a painter equally skillful in figures and landscapes as is J. E. Millais. He is entitled to a great position for that fact alone, though his landscapes do not entirely please. They may be good representations of the localities; but they fail to impress either in color, composition or manner. They are simple in a photographic sense; not in the simplicity of Rousseau or Corot, or Daubigny, who each render a poetic note of nature either in form, color or effect. But in Millais no one sentiment seems to strike sufficiently forcible to make itself felt in his landscapes. The large, graceful masses of foliage and lines of tree forms, the vapory atmospheres, were for Corot the simplicity of nature. For Daubigny the pale, opaline skies of morning, mottled over with delicate, rosy tints, a hillside or vale with dewy mists softening the harsher forms—strong foreground colors meeting the young day reflected in a pool whose tranquil surface is broken only by a few wild water-fowl—these were to him the poetic simplicity of nature. So to Rousseau nature spoke with many tongues, pointing him to the infinity of form and detail, to the vastness of the horizon, while showing him that above all else light and form were the key-note to natural harmony. And through these we recognize a work by either of these masters. In Constable and in Gainsborough we find much the same feeling, expressing those features of nature which spoke most powerfully to them. But to Millais no one thing seems to speak stronger than another. In the "Cold October" we do not find the spirit of the season. It is a picture that might be painted by any one. "In the Mountains of Scotland" we look across a marshy foreground four hundred or five hundred yards into the picture, to a gentle, sloping hillside, where among the luxuriant herbage a great flock of grouse, each

as large as a Christmas turkey, are feeding. Now we appeal to any sportsman if it be difficult or no to see partridges, even under his very nose, in the tall grasses? Why, it is as much as he can do to see his dog. But when the game is a quarter of a mile away! Landscape is not Millais' forte. "In the Passage of the Northwest," or, "The N. W. Passage,"—we do not know exactly the just interpretation of the title, and the picture does little to enlighten us, nor do we think it explains the painter's idea—the painting of the heads is strong, and the light and shade throughout beautifully managed. We have said before that Millais is one of the finest painters in the modern English school, and his portrait of Mme. Bischoffsheim will be cherished for the beauty of the lady and talent of the master long after both are gone.

Of all the works of Sir John Gilbert the "Arrest of Hastings" is by far the best. It is a pity he left illustrating books for painting, as the faults which were unnoticed in the small compass of a book illustration are now magnified to such an extent that the grace of composition and arrangement of color no longer excuse them. On the other hand, the harsh, crude coloring and false lights obliterate whatever there may be excellent in the picture. We have heard it said that Gilbert never drew from nature, and his works go far to prove that assertion.

But why should so many of the English painters imitate the faded beauty of old tapestry or the loud coloring of a church window? Neither are real. Has not the plentiful palette of nature tints enough, and of the most refined order, to satisfy the most caloric colorist or the palest dreamer in romance!

We now come to one of the most interesting of the English exhibits—that of the late Sir Edwin Landseer. We are reluctant to criticise an artist so highly esteemed—one who stands justly at the head of animal painters in England. We find upon the margin of our catalogue a note in these words: "Large manner, but too polished; drawing excellent, always decisive and masterly; too pretty, and lacking real light and shade; his feeling for the animals he painted was that of great affection, and he painted them with tenderness; his color feeble and made up; no textures; we feel no livelier interest than if looking upon the same subjects in black and white." Upon mature reflection we shall leave the note as written. One expression may astonish many who have considered Landseer as a painter of texture. We have only to point to a Van Marcke or Troyon to be perfectly understood. Many of his pictures are painted without due consideration for the fitness of things, something to-day inexcusable in an eminent artist. For example, in the "Arabs' Tent," a charming composition in which the principal objects are a mare and colt lying in a tent, the horse should be Arab; it is but a delicate English ladies' horse. The colt is an ordinary one. Above these animals are a pair of fine black-and-tan Scotch setters, dogs never seen in Africa. (Look at Gérôme's "Village Sentinels" for the true breed.) Then Landseer introduces pipe and tobacco, since Arabs smoke, but not short cherry-wood pipes; neither do they keep the tobacco in a large box. The only piece of truth in the picture is a few branches of palm leaves. There are a monkey or two, but we are not sure that Arabs generally are partial to monkeys. All these things might be overlooked; for an English horse and pony, Scotch setters, gray blankets, cherry-wood pipes may find their way to Arabia and Africa; but they are not native to the country, nor do they in any way inform the English people of the character of an Arab's household. No doubt the painter intended to tell how the Arab tended his steed; of the love for that animal surpassing that for wife or kin; of the great heats of the desert, when at noon no life is stirring, and all breathing things seek repose under the thick, impenetrable tent, awaiting the coming of the evening zephyr. Light scarcely penetrating the heavy stuff of the tent, all objects would be gray. The white horse would be bluish gray, the back reflecting tints of the colors composing the material of which the tent is made. Again, the animal would be delicate of limb, strong in neck and rump. But there is not the least indication of shade upon the animals, no more than if under the bright sun. And this is why we say the pictures are "pretty," and the effect "made up."

The picture "Man proposes; God disposes," illustrates a supposed episode in arctic exploration. A party of explorers have left their vessel in the ice, and taken to the small boat to push forward their inquiry. They go far—are lost—perish—and a few polar bears make feast upon their corpses, tear into shreds

the sail, gnaw into splinters the mast of the boat, which is almost swallowed by the ice. Now it is quite natural that polar bears should defend the "passage to the open polar sea" by fattening their lean ribs upon the daring mariners; but it is not tolerable that they swallow hats, jackets, boots and implements, nor leave the smallest token of a skeleton behind. That is stronger than the biblical fable of Jonah and his whale. The icebergs seem to be built in modelers' clay. The lines "Break! break! break! on thy cold, gray stones, O sea!" do not apply to icebergs for color. We are sure the picture would gain immensely in simple black and white.

But Landseer may be seen in his strength (according to the catalogue), in his picture of the "Sick Monkey." It is true—it is the best of his works in the Exposition; but it is inferior to the "Bloodhound"—a sketch it is called—hanging in the London National Gallery, which we esteem the best piece of painting Landseer ever did. But the "Sick Monkey" is a gem in its way, not for the technical qualities displayed, which, though, are of a high order, but for the pathetic, almost human—we might say, more than human—affection displayed by this animal mother for her sick baby. See the long, sinewy arms and bony claws, how tenderly they hold the ailing little one to the hairy bosom; and the "baby," with shriveled, sunken eyes, reclines in her arms, and holds in its little, emaciated claws the teat it is too weak to suckle, unmindful of the chattering of the two little mac-cacs, who, with gluttonous rapidity are making away with the fruit given as dainty medicines to the sick one by kindly visitors. In this picture the story is told with that power possessed only by Landseer among all the English painters.

Though possessed of great freedom of hand, keen sight and memory, Landseer's painting as a technical beauty is not of a high order. His imitation of textures is feeble, but freely handled. It is not to the use of large brushes that we trace his failure in this respect, but rather to the influences of the mannerism of his day, from which he could not wholly free himself. He seems to have feared color in large quantities, and like all others of his times, freely liquefied them with oils. This may easily be seen in his pictures. When large quantities of oil are used, in drying a skin is formed which shrivels during the process of contraction. This fact may be often traced in the pictures by Landseer, so that his works are no stronger, nor possess more body than water color. On the contrary, we have seen water colors stronger and possessing more real texture. These Landseer produced as does an etcher, by hatching his lines with fine brushes or the edge of large flat ones. The "Bloodhound" is the finest specimen of Landseer's manner we know of.

In this same room, and "skied," is a picture by the well-known designer W. Small—the "Shipwreck." Why Small, who is one of the best of the modern realist school in England, should resort to old faded tapestry for his color, is a puzzle; but we are very sure he could not find any such in nature under the same circumstances. Though there is motion and go in it, we prefer his black and white. There is a curious note in the catalogue concerning this picture: "Above the door is a large work full of vigor and originality, which has never been able to be examined, neither in England nor in France, through the mischance which has always placed it very high in the Expositions." We can explain the *mal-chance* away. It is its *mauvais coloris* which does not harmonize with its "real" conception and "modern" drawing.

There is a great deal of real, healthy poetry in the English character. Their writers, though, give more pleasing evidence of its existence. Their painters seem too much absorbed in the barren regions of philosophical disquisitions upon art, instead of going to the ever-fresh sources of nature. Two good examples of this class of pictures are "Love and Death," by G. F. Watts, and "Merlin and Viviane," by E. Burne Jones, who stand at the head of the "abstract" school. We have very little sympathy with these mannerisms. "*En avant!*" in the arts as with all other sciences. We object to the style, while admitting the beauty of the ideas. Mr. Watts seems to have attempted all manners of painting, and mastered none. Of all his works we admire his "Herr Joachim" the most, though it can not be said that it is original in style, as it is evidently built upon Rembrandt's low bituminous tones.

It would be useless to try to persuade any continental school that the portrait No. 270, for instance, is good painting, or to

attract admiration for No. 265, "Pallas, Juno and Venus"—portraits they are called, but they are nothing more than three nude figures resembling in color marble statues exhumed after two or three centuries of burial. English girls would be credited with fairer and more transparent skins, upon which the blood would paint a *gamme* of richest grays. These three *demoiselles* are possessed of cuticles the color of and as tough as old parchment. Which one of these is the blonde Venus whose warm smiles and fructifying embraces revivifies Death himself, ye dreamers in art?

There are two small gems by Albert Moore—"Perles" and "The Fan"—beautiful in composition, delicate in line, color and thought as in manner.

Seven pictures by G. H. Masson, all painted in that low, rich key that makes them resemble windows of ancient cathedrals, are studio dreams of a world not our own, but are all beautiful—very little understood by the greatest number of visitors, but possessing notwithstanding considerable claim to the admiration held for them by English connoisseurs.

"A Golden Autumn," by Vicar Cole—why golden, with everything green?—is well painted, and the foliage is drawn by masses, a manner little in practice among British painters.

The "Old Gate," by Frederick Walker, is one of the most impressive pictures in this room, taking it altogether. The simple material from which the picture is made, the time of day, the figures, are all in perfect harmony, and the key of color—a symphony in brown and gold, Mr. Whistler would call it—which is but the golden evening of an autumn day dressing the simple scene and rustic characters with poetic interest. The picture shows how little really is necessary to an artist (*i. e.*, master\* of his trade or profession, though to-day that title is assumed by any one who may be seized with the desire to swing a brush) as material for a valuable picture: the natural grouping of the country children who play upon the old, worn steps; the strong young workman, who, with his implements over his shoulder, strides on, and takes his pipe from his lips but to whistle to his tired dog, who trots by his side. Over the ruined wall is seen the top of an old manor house, from which, no doubt, a walk leads to the old gate, upon one column of which remains a vestige of nobility in the shape of some heraldic beast holding an escutcheon of the nearly extinct family, for a lady in the black robes of widowhood, and a nurse carrying a tiny baby, open the gate to descend. As we have said, the picture is complete; the materials, such as are under every one's hand—but, the master hand was but the means through which the poetic mind described the idea—the thought—suggested by those simple materials. Walker, who died young, was one of the few who in the English school could with justice write himself "artist painter."

—*Outremer.*

#### HER NESTLINGS.

TIMOLEON LOBRICHON is a pupil of Picot, and a native of Cornod, France. He is a popular painter of feminine and infantine subjects, which he renders with charming grace and fidelity to nature; his pictures are much admired and sought after. Among his works at the Exposition Universelle was his well-known "Le Bagage de Croquemitaine," a copy of which is in possession of ex-Governor E. D. Morgan, of New York City, and was exhibited in the Loan Exhibition at New York in the summer of 1876. Other pictures by this artist are "The Young Criminal;" "Valontaire d'un an;" "La Dinette;" "Le Portrait de Madeleine," and "Her Nestlings," admitted to be one of the sweetest and most beautiful of Lobrichon's compositions. Those who saw the original of this picture in Paris during the summer of 1878, and now study the engraving, will see at once how well the artist's intent has been reproduced in black and white, not only giving the exact sentiment of the picture, but almost suggesting its color and tones. The happy mother has gathered

\* In all trades there are three classes of workers: apprentices, journeymen and master workmen. The latter only are artists. So when a barber, a bootmaker, a carpenter, or no matter what he may be—when a man has mastered his trade he is an artist. So we have artist barbers, artist bootmakers, etc., and their workshops are "studios." This may be remarked all through Europe. The worker in art, after passing his apprenticeship—just like any other trade wherein great skill of hand and dexterity of eye are needed—by working from seven o'clock in the morning until seven at night, arrives at "master workman." Then, and not till then, is he entitled to write upon his card, "artist painter." With us the rule is reversed. Generally it is the apprentice who writes himself master, and the master who finds that his entire life is too short an apprenticeship.

about her feet all of her jewels in a fashion which represents a symmetrical pyramidal group, a combination much affected by the old masters. The plump, healthy, beautiful little ones looking up to their mother, who in turn smiles upon them with a sweet, happy, half-saddened expression, filled with joy, like the Virgin beholding her Christ-child, yet realizing, as all mothers must, the

no other woman has suffered so much in her personal appearance from these same artists. Hans Makart's conception of Romeo and Juliet, in the balcony scene, makes a fine pendant to a woman's idea of Juliet; and it will be worth the reader's while to study these two pictures, noting the contrasts they afford. When Bertha Sieck, a young German artist, exhibited, not long ago at



THE VESTAL VIRGIN.—AFTER MALDARELLI.

great responsibility resting upon her. She is, indeed, a bird hovering over her nest of little ones; brooding and shielding them from all harm. Lobrichon received a medal in 1868.

#### JULIET CAPULET.

No female character created by the great English poet has so often been illustrated by the pencil and brush of the artist as the daughter of the house of Capulet; and, it may be added, that

the Berlin Academy, this her first picture, the German press was emphatic in its commendation of the work, giving it strong praise for the vigor of its composition, its color and technique. It was even added that, in this exhibition, the works by the women artists were equal if not superior to those contributed by the men. Women have, heretofore, established their claims to the title of artists, and many at the present day are doing so. In a new book, called "Artists of the Nineteenth Century, and their Works," mention is made of no less than eighty-one lady artists, the list including such well-known names as the Bonheur sisters,



TINTORETTO AT THE DEATH-BED OF HIS DAUGHTER.—AFTER ELENTERIO BAGLIANO.



SEWING SCHOOL IN THE SABINE MOUNTAINS.—AFTER MAX MICHAEL.

Sarah Bernhardt, Elizabeth Thompson, Mrs. Butler, Elizabeth Murray, Miss May Alcott, Margaret E. Foley, and Harriet Hosmer. Side by side with her French, English and American sisters stands Bertha Sieck. She is a native of Hanover, where, in 1871, she began her studies; but, in due time went to Munich, and, after much deliberation, became a pupil of Max Adams and Herr Liezen-Mayer. Studying with these eminent artists for two or three years, she went to Hanover in 1875, where she spent a whole year making studies for the great picture of Juliet, which we reproduce. This work was finished at Munich, and sent to the Berlin Exhibition, where it at once arrested the attention of art connoisseurs, and proclaimed its author the possessor of high artistic talent.

#### ON NEW YORK BAY.

TWO classes of water craft which find a harbor in the Bay of New York—pilot boats and yachts—are so alike in build and appearance, as well as sailing qualities, our artists have given companion pieces of each which render the spirit of genuine life on the ocean's wave better, perhaps, than any other species of vessels which could be selected. From twenty to thirty pilot boats, employing a force of not far from two hundred pilots, besides the crews, belong to the city of New York. Most of these are schooner built and rigged, although a few yachts which draw considerable water, being deeper astern than forward, have been purchased to be used as pilot boats and do good service. The craft is trim, shapely, and artistic, and, when running with the wind over a heavy sea, makes an interesting and graphic picture. Competition is the life of trade among pilots as well as with other folks, and it is this desire to secure business that leads these men to run hundreds of miles from New York out upon the broad bosom of the Atlantic, with the hopes of intercepting some inward-bound vessel. A pilot boat will often make twelve knots an hour, and it is no unusual thing to find one of these little craft four hundred miles away from the coast. But the New York Pilot Commissioners prefer that the master keep control of his vessel until within fifteen miles of Sandy Hook light-house, as he is supposed to be a better navigator than the pilot. The duty of a pilot, after the master has surrendered to him the control of his vessel, is to keep her in the channel way and conduct her safely to her anchorage or dock. A portion of the pilot fleet of New York goes south to seek for vessels, while the rest take a northern route, looking for ships from Europe. Each pilot boat carries from four to five pilots and a crew of four men. There is little danger from the elements to these craft, as they are

staunchly built and draw deep water—too much to be easily upset by wind or wave. The chief dangers arise from being run into during a fog or drifting ashore. This last may seem a strange mishap for a pilot boat, yet such was the fate of the old *Virginia*, No. 3. A dense fog settled over the ocean; a southeastern wind had piled the waters upon the coast of Long Island; a flood tide prevailed, and the *Virginia* drifted. Soundings were made from

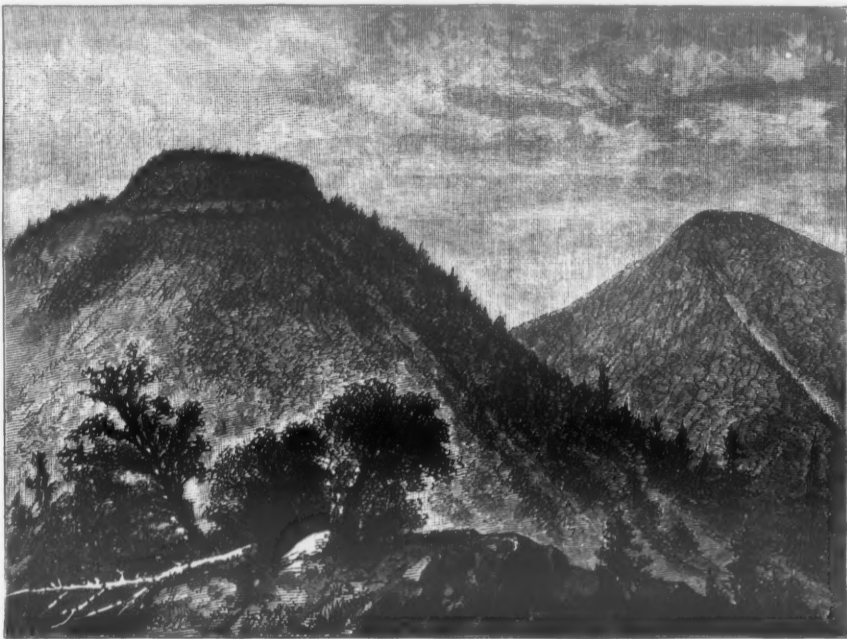
time to time and the usual depth of water was found. The pilots supposed they were safely out at sea, until the vessel suddenly struck, to the astonishment and consternation of all on board. When the fog lifted, and the waters receded, the pilots found themselves four or five miles inland high and dry. So the *Virginia* was broken up for old iron and fire wood. One spirited and well-drawn picture is by Harry Fenn, an artist widely known wherever American illustrated magazines are read, for his truthfulness and power in delineating every phase in nature.

No more spirited scene for the inspiration of the artist's pencil is afforded by the waters surround-

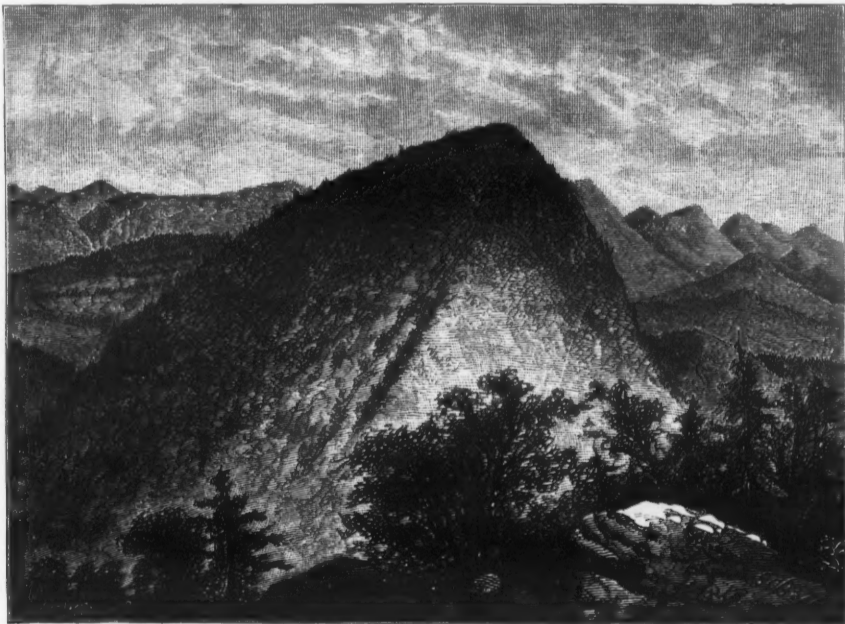
ing the city of New York than a fleet of yachts under full sail in the bay, with a stiff breeze blowing, engaged in the annual regatta or race, or sailing out of the harbor for a summer's cruise. Since the first yacht club was formed in New York in 1844 this form of sport has become exceedingly popular with Americans, and every seaboard city has its organization of yachtsmen, as well as many on the borders of the great lakes. Americans have reason to be proud of their achievements in this direction, and

are now acknowledged to be the best yachtsmen in the world, possessing the finest craft. The first yacht to cross the Atlantic was the *America* in 1851, and its arrival in the Thames made an immense sensation, creating a revolution in English yacht-building. In August, 1870, the American sloop *Magic* won the first race for the Queen's Cup in New York Harbor, making a run of about forty-two miles in four hours, seven minutes and fifty-four seconds. In 1875 there were thirty-four regular yacht clubs organized in this country, registering six hundred and ninety-two vessels. This number must, at the present time, be much increased. The season has

now arrived for regattas, cruises, and the enjoyment of aquatic sports in general, and, in anticipation of these events, Mr. C. E. H. Bonwill, a New York artist familiar with yachts, has given a glimpse of a fleet under full sail, in the Lower Bay of New York, a scene often witnessed off Sandy Hook, or the shores of Staten and Long islands. The trim and artistic craft, with sails all set, runs gloriously before the wind, cutting the water like a thing of life. Other yachts follow the lead in the exciting race.



MOUNT CORNELL.—G. C. BELL.



THE WITTENBERG.—G. C. BELL.



BEFORE THE SHRINE.—AFTER 'LUDWIG PASSINI.

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## ITALY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

DE NITTIS and Passini, two Italian artists who live in Paris, are considered by some art critics to have saved by their works the Italian department of fine arts, at the Exposition Universelle, from being utterly unendurable. Hamerton says the general characteristics of modern Italian painting are crudity of color, an original and direct observation of nature, quite independent of the old masters, and a certain playfulness which is occasionally childish. But, in spite of the generally unfavorable impression produced on the public mind, it is evident to indulgent judges that the school is only passing through a youthful phase which may be succeeded in course of time by a ripe and vigorous maturity. It may seem strange to speak of Italian art as being young, when we remember the great men of the sixteenth century; but modern painting in Italy is really one of the youngest forms of art in Europe. As in Germany and America, so in Italy, some of the younger artists, as Michetti, belong to the impressionists, a class of artists represented by Mr. Whistler in England. In judging of Italian art, however, and the influence it exerts upon artists of other nationalities, it would manifestly be unjust to confine one's observations to the modern painters of Italy. If France stands pre-eminent to-day in the fine arts, especially in fine figure drawing, it must be observed, in justice to Italy, that the traditions of the Roman and Florentine schools of the Renaissance, combined with the purity and dignity of the Greek sculpture, are kept alive in every Parisian art school. After the French art student has been instructed at home by such eminent masters as Gérôme, Cabanel, Bonnat, Picot, Gros, Ingres, and Delaroche, the nation sends her most promising sons pensioners to Rome, to live for four years in one of the finest palaces of the world. In short, many artists from all nations study in Italy, and a just estimate of the influence of Italian art as seen at the recent Exposition, would require one to search the art galleries of the entire civilized world. In the German gallery Max Michael, of Berlin, exhibited a picture thoroughly Italian in subject if not in treatment. His "Sewing School in the Sabine Mountains" may not have been put on the canvas in Italy, but it is plain the study for this work must have been made there, and doubtless the artist has pursued his profession in the schools of Rome and Florence. There is a certain quaintness in this work, the result of the choice of subject, but the figures are cleverly painted, with a minute attention to fact, while the feeling and pose of childlike has been caught with wonderful fidelity to nature. This picture may well rank with the canvases of Knaus and Vautier, who are so famous for their studies of children. The ancient Sabines were renowned not only for valor but for gravity, dignity, and austere virtue, qualities which apparently cling to them, judging from this picture. Another artist who paints mostly Italian pictures, who was a prominent exhibitor in the Austrian department of the Exposition Universelle, was Ludwig Passini, one of the leading water-color artists of Austria, although he has long been a resident of Italy, and at present resides in Venice. He was born at Vienna in 1832, and is a member of the academies of that city, Venice and Berlin. He has received medals from Berlin, Vienna, and from Paris, in 1870. He studied at the Vienna Academy, under Karl Werner, also in Italy, spending much time in Venice and Rome. About 1864 he settled in Berlin, but sunny and artistic Italy proved so attractive to him that he was constantly making journeys to that country, and now he paints most of his pictures in Venice or Chioggia. It is from this last-named place, a small city fifteen miles south of Venice, at the extremity of the Venetian Lagoon, that the picture, "Before the Shrine," was painted. Passini is very skillful in water colors. He paints architectural and *genre* subjects, also portraits. His technique is perfect, and many of his scenes from Roman life are true to nature, and interesting, because they have a story to tell. He is widely and justly celebrated as a consummate artist in water-color representations of Italian life. In "Before the Shrine" he has chosen one of those quaint, narrow streets or lanes of Chioggia, which runs beneath the archways of houses, and resembles a street in Algiers, affording a fine perspective, and pleasing lines, which lead the eye on from point to point. In the foreground he has placed an Italian peasant woman, in the simple flowing costume of the country, engaged at her devotions before a wayside picture of some saint, in front of which a lamp is kept burning. The treatment

of this subject is simple, effective, and therefore strong; the bright light in the middle distance contrasts finely with the cool and solemn shade of the foreground. Pictures by this same artist, at the Paris Exhibition, included "A Public Reader at Chioggia," "A Bridge at Venice," and "A Procession at Venice." In the National Gallery at Berlin is a cartoon by Passini, representing the "Choir Men in St. Peter's at Rome." Among his works are "A Roman Woman with an Infant," "Prebendaries in the Church," "Penitence," "The Confession," "The Fisherboy's Love," and "The Monk in his Cell," a small water color in the Johnston, New York, collection, which sold for \$270.

"Tintoretto at the Death-Bed of his Daughter," by Elenterio Bagliano, of Milan, is a good example of the modern Italian school, at once powerful and dramatic; strong in its simplicity and well drawn. It will be remembered that Marietta, Giacomo Tintoretto's only daughter, was born at Venice in 1560. She was instructed in the art of painting by her father. She showed an early genius for music as well as painting, and performed remarkably well on several instruments; but her predominant inclination in the art in which her father was so eminent determined her to quit all other studies, and apply herself entirely to portraiture. By his direction she studied design, composition and coloring; and drew after the antiques and finest models, until she had obtained a good taste and great readiness of hand. A great number of the nobility at Venice sat to her; and she was solicited by the Emperor Maximilian, Philip II., king of Spain, and by the Archduke Ferdinand, to visit their courts; but such was her affectionate attachment to her father that she declined these honors and continued at Venice. She had a brother, two years younger, Domenico, who was also an artist, but much her inferior. When but thirty years of age, in 1590, she died, to the great grief of her aged father, who was then seventy-eight years old. He survived his daughter but four years, dying in 1594. This effective picture shows us a glimpse of the studio of the "Lightning of the Pencil," as he was called, while the "Furious Tintoretto" has buried his face in grief by his daughter's death-bed.

"The Vestal Virgin," by Maldarelli, is statuesque in its pose of the figure, which is cleverly drawn and very strong in its treatment of light and shade. The accessories are so unimportant the whole attention is centred upon the figure, and its attitude of reaching up for light and liberty. It is evident that this vestal virgin is not serving the goddess Vesta in the temple at Lavinium, or in the Forum, but has been thrown into a dark place of confinement for some neglect of duty. It was the duty of these virgins to keep alive the sacred fire on the altar, and if it went out from neglect the priestess during whose watch it happened was terribly punished. For another crime the priestess was buried alive. On the other hand, honors of the highest kind were paid to them. When a consul met one of the vestal virgins in the streets he bowed with reverence, and the lictors lowered the fasces while she passed by. When a convict was seen by one of the virgins he was immediately released if she demanded it.

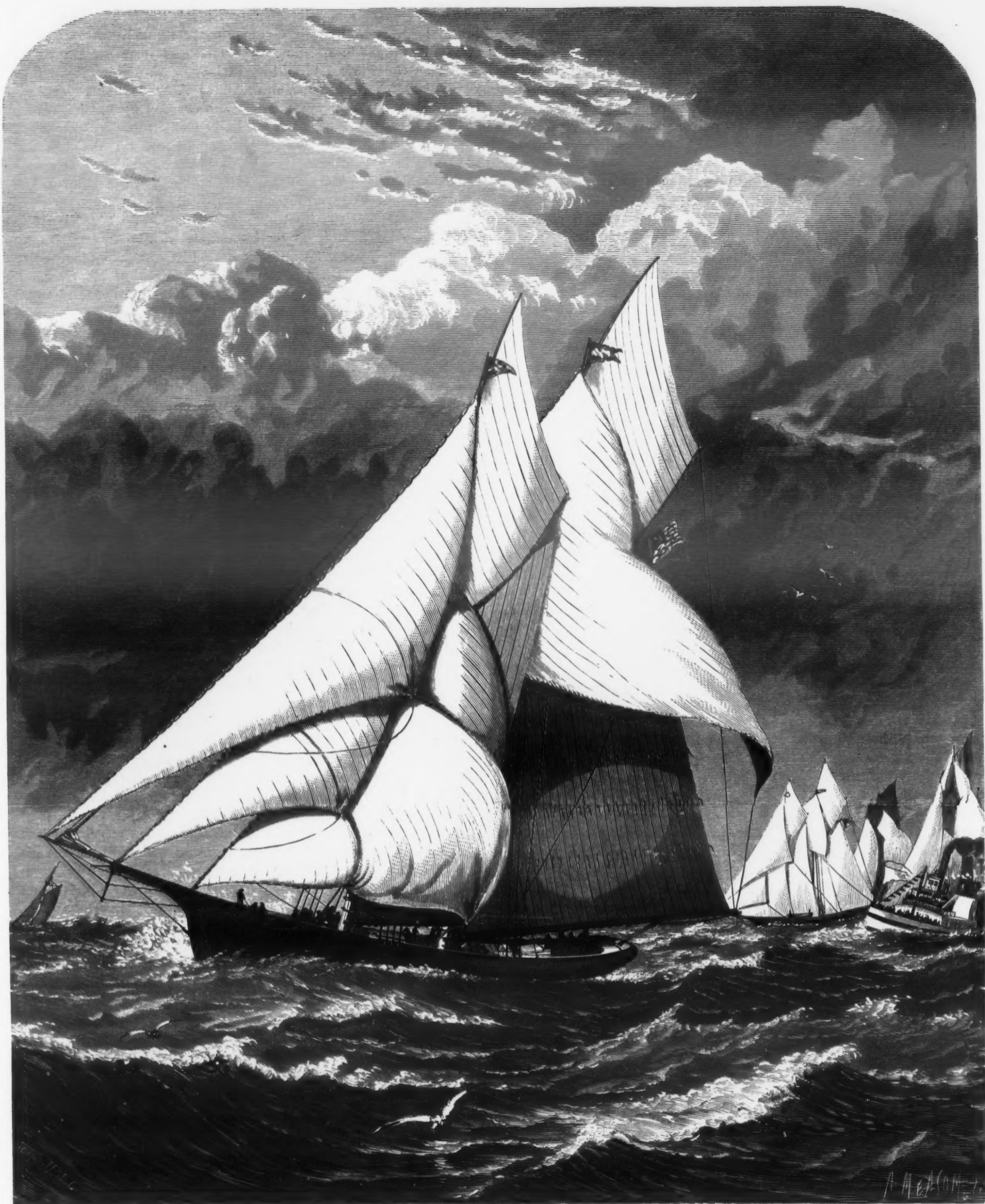
"A Venetian Lady Feeding Doves" is an incident which has been poetically and beautifully treated by Herr Carl Probst of Vienna. He was born in Vienna, and became a pupil of Professor H. de Angeli, of the Academy of Fine Arts in that city. He received a medal at Philadelphia, where he exhibited a "Portrait Study—Female Figure," which Professor Weir, in his official report, says was one of the best portraits of the Centennial Exhibition. Among other pictures by this artist, exhibited at the Exposition Universelle, were "Tableau de Genre," and "La Tireuse de Cartes."

## A CATSKILL TOUR.

THE Catskill mountains, a name, hitherto associated almost wholly with the immediate neighborhood of the famous old Mountain House, is rapidly acquiring in the popular mind a more appropriate significance, as it becomes more generally known that the loftiest peaks and wildest beauties of the range are scattered over nearly 1,200 square miles.

After having a quarter's worth of waterfall, turned on to order, it may yield the charm of novelty to pass to beauty unadorned—to nature untamed and uncontrolled.

To visit this larger section of the Catskills, one goes to Ron-



A YACHT RACE.—C. E. H. BONWILL.

dout, of course by water. Then, because we must retain our longing for the *many mansions* promised, we must not stop here. Kingston, two miles distant, being the nearest place where a traveler can live (off the boats). Here is a genuine old-time caravansary, now enjoying a very quiet old age; where, after more material attentions, mine host delights to show an appreciative guest his collection of charcoals—historical sketches on the sound old oak beams, by the British soldiers when they burned the town in Revolutionary times. This place abounds in fine

specimens of old colonial architecture, notably the house in which was organized the first Legislature of the State of New York. In this vicinity also may be found many long-disused mines, now romantic-looking gorges and caves, beautified by the neglect of man and the attentions of nature.

After a short visit to Rosendale, with its lofty trestle-work—looking, from the valley below, like a gigantic spider's web stretched from hill to hill—and to Lake Mohonk, that mountain jewel in richest setting, we are ready for a forward movement



SHANDAKEN NOTCH.—D. J. STEEPLE.

along the whole line of the Ulster and Delaware Railroad, which traverses the mountain region from Rondout to Stamford, a distance of 74 miles.

With the present article THE ALDINE can only afford a sort of flying introductory, rapidly glancing at the more salient points and giving a general idea of the route, reserving for future issues special exhibits of selected gems from this inexhaustible gallery of the Great Master.

Nearing West Hurley, we get a fine view of the great Overlook Mountain—a giant outpost of a giant camp. Nothing can be finer than the rugged grandeur of this towering bulk, abruptly rising from the rich and level plains that skirt its base, contrasting its rough and shaggy growths with the luxurious foliage of the best garden lands of the State, and the silvery Esopus

leisurely winding its placid course, oblivious of the mad turbulence of its earlier career.

And, when the ascent is made, who will paint the picture? Here is a large and commodious hotel, with every prosaic comfort for our grosser natures, and here is an æsthetic feast for the eye that will never satiate, that can never pall. From the piazza of the hotel we see clear away to old Stormking, below Cornwall, who, with his fellow, Breakneck, bounds the view to the southward. The intervening space includes the valley of the Hudson, which, by walking around the house, can be traced up to the towers and domes of Albany. To the eastward the view is only bounded by the distant Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, and to the westward are the countless billowy peaks of the whole Catskill range. For a combination of every possible phase of



THE OVERLOOK, FROM WEST HURLEY. - G. C. BELL.

landscape beauty, from the highest fertility, cultivation and order to barren sublimity and chaos, this sweeping prospect from the Overlook stands alone and unapproached in the whole world.

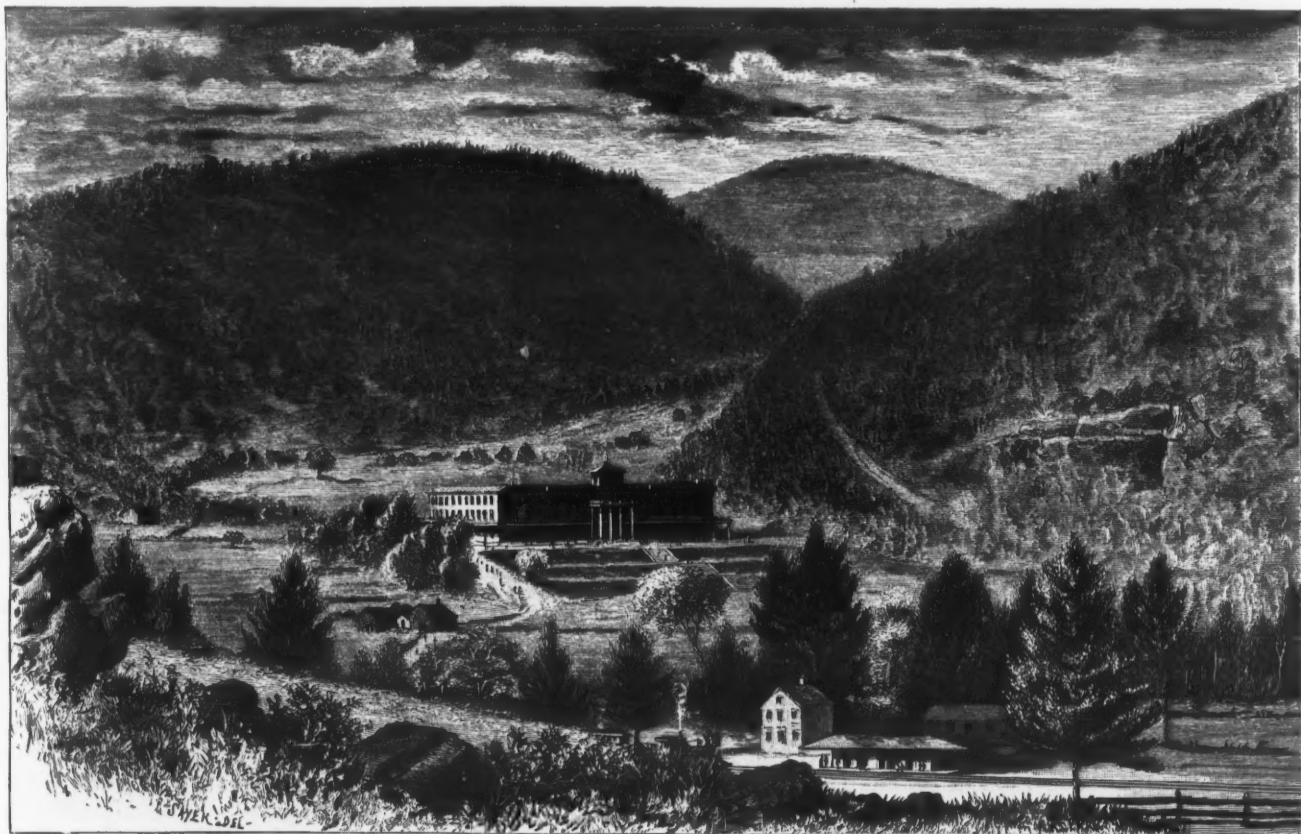
The railroad is carried along the valley of the Esopus, crossing and recrossing the sinuous course, past Brown's Station, near which are the Winchell and the Bishop's Falls, both well worth seeing, as, indeed, is every mile of this beautiful stream all the way from the Hudson.

Near Shokan is High Point, the bald summit of which commands another magnificent panoramic view of diversified beauty.

Phœnicia is at the gateway of the Stony Clove, through which

runs the highway to Hunter, and is the point from which parties usually start for "the heart of the Catskills," where the great Slide Mountain rears his lofty head 4,300 feet above tide-water, dominating everything south of the Adirondacks. Here, in close support of the chief, are two worthy henchmen, the Wittenberg (3,800 feet) and Mount Cornell (3,900 feet). The champion is easily recognizable by his superior bulk and by the deep scar which marks his front, and from which he gains his name.

And here, to the awful solitudes of an unbroken wilderness, must the enthusiast penetrate, ere he (or she) can justly claim to "know the Catskills." Here nature scatters charms with no



THE TREMPER HOUSE, PHENICIA. - R. SAVER.



SHANDAKEN VALLEY.—R. SAYER.

niggard hand—mountain crag, leafy dell, the silvered sheen of a quiet sheet, and the noisy rush of a mountain torrent; broad bands of golden sunlight in sudden contrast with cold gloom and deepest shade. From the great sides of the Slide Mountain issue the source springs of the two branches of the Neversink, running to the Delaware, and of the Rondout and Esopus, which, widely separating, both finally contribute to the lordly Hudson.

Winding back from the Phœnicia depot, across the Esopus and past the Tremper House, a large hotel built during the past winter, the road passes through a succession of mountain gorges, with ever-changing vistas opening at every turn, until the climax is reached in Stony Clove, where the precipitous, almost overhanging cliffs so effectually shut out the sun's rays that, in mid-

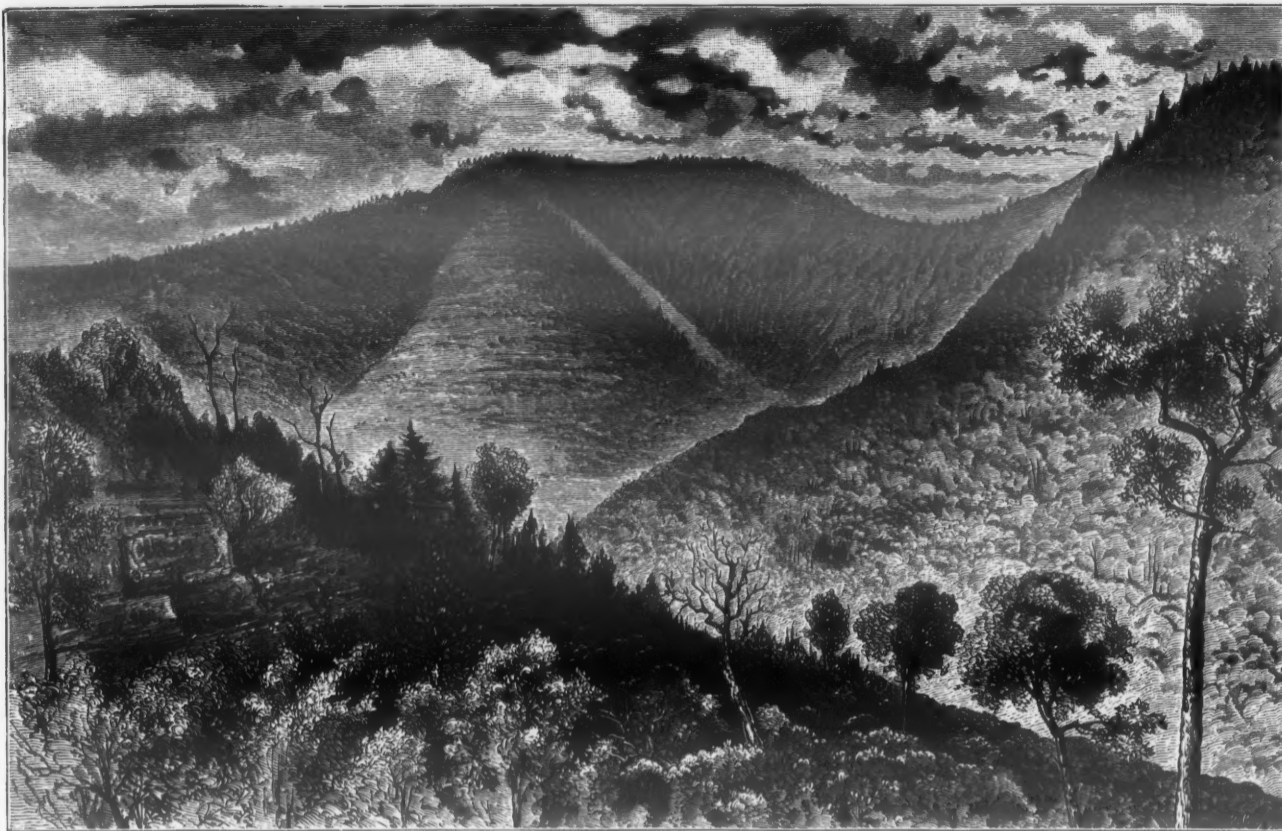
summer, ice may always be found in the crevices of the rocks, and the temperature is deliciously below that of the outer world.

Just before reaching the Clove a large and very remarkable boulder is to be seen, standing upright and entirely isolated, on the level of the greensward; it is variously known as Picnic Rock, The Devil's Stool, and The Devil's Seat. There is a talk of a branch railroad through this romantic gorge, which would certainly increase the facility of getting through—to the artistic mind, a not very desirable accomplishment.

The next point, on the railroad, of especial interest is Shandaken, where the high road to Lexington passes through the Notch and scenery hardly, if at all, inferior to that of the Stony Clove. In this Notch the presence of a modern outrage in the



BIG INDIAN VALLEY.—G. C. BELL.



SLIDE MOUNTAIN, FROM WOODLAND VALLEY.—R. SAYER.

shape of a telegraph line is a drawback, not decreased by the unnecessary cutting away of many of the larger trees. On this road our artists present pictures which very cleverly render the local characteristics and features.

The Schoharie Creek, like the Esopus, is of high artistic interest throughout its entire length, but its chief attraction is at the great falls, a mile below Prattsville. This place is best reached by stage from Grand Gorge, on the railroad.

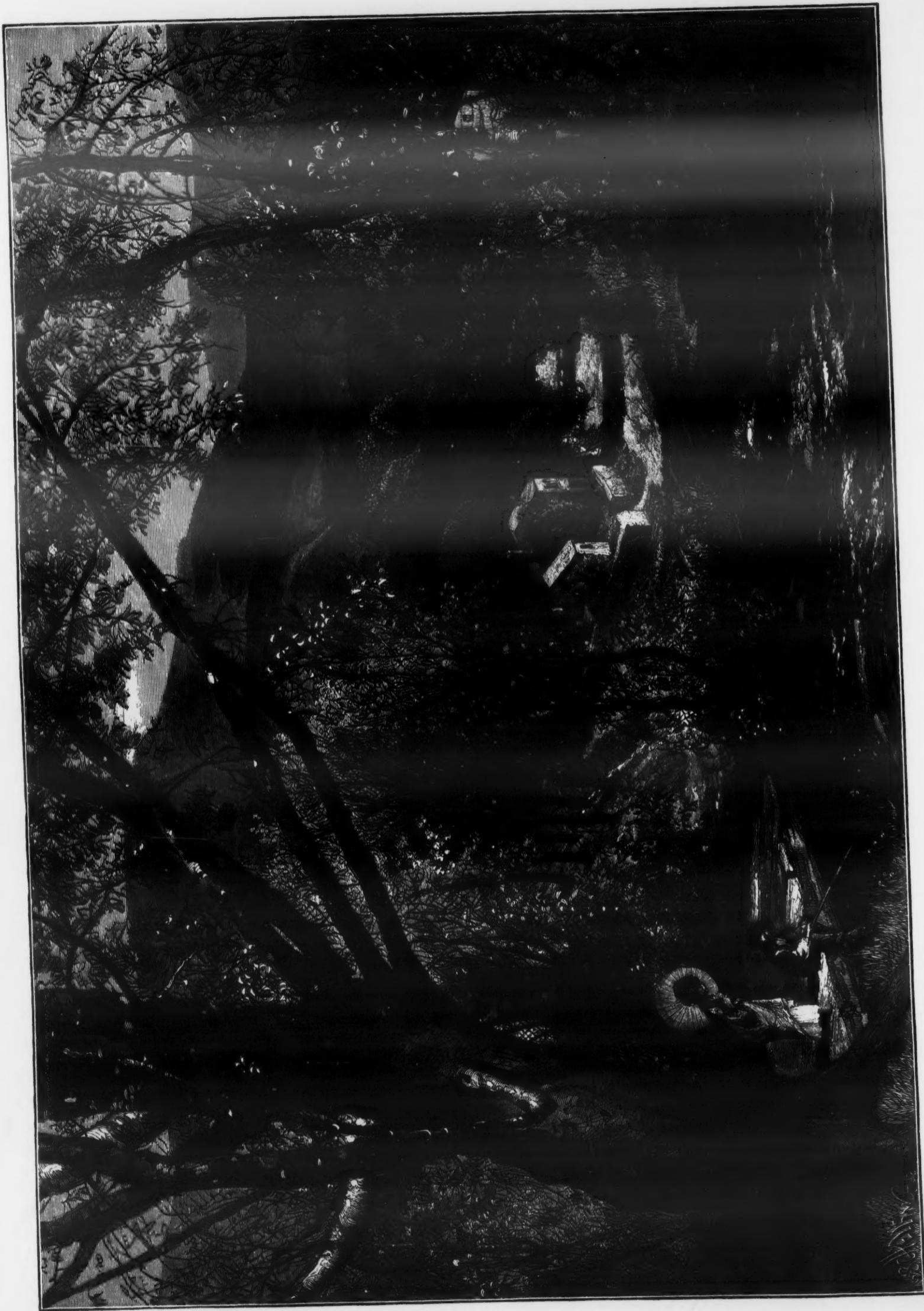
Passing from Shandaken the Big Indian Valley opens enticingly, but the railroad, refusing the invitation, abruptly turns off and climbs laboriously the heights of Pine Hill. Rounding at the

head of a valley and returning directly on the other side, the road here forms a perfect horse-shoe curve; after which achievement it again turns at a sharp angle and passes over "the summit" at a height of 1,900 feet above tide-water. From here the scenery continues a pleasing diversity of mountains and rolling surface, with swiftly running waters, through the Grand Gorge, with gradually decreasing elevations, until the charming village of Stamford is reached, where, to the enjoyments of country life, the city tourist (until the extension of the railroad) will have the reserved pleasure of anticipation of the return trip through scenes that, once seen, he wishes to see again.



PINE HILL.—R. SAYER.





ON THE ROAD TO LEXINGTON. — JOHN S. DAVIS.